

Collegiate Outlook



VOL XIII NO I

1919

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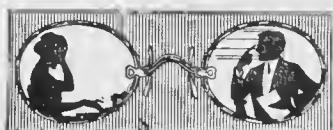
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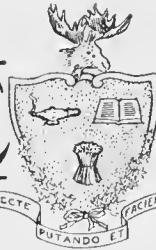
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MOOSE JAW

SASKATCHEWAN

THE COLLEGIATE OUTLOOK



MOOSE JAW COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE

VOL. XIII.

MOOSE JAW, SASK., EASTER, 1919

No. 1.

ON GREATER PRODUCTION

The great war which has been so recently and so victoriously concluded is the origin of innumerable phrases and catch-words; many of which will become a permanent addition to extend and enrich our vocabulary through all time. From the list I have chosen the rather trite slogan of the so-called "Soldiers of the Soil," about which to make a few remarks.

As the war progressed, the critics began to persuade us that we were fighting what they called a "war of attrition." They began to count up our own casualties and the casualties of the Germans, and to compare them. They tried to estimate and compare the pre-war male population of fighting age, of Germany and of the Allies. They estimated and compared the daily production of guns and munitions on either side. They counted aeroplanes. They counted submarines. They said that the side which could put the last man and the last gun in the field would win the war. And they were partly right.

Then the critics began to think behind numbers and guns, and they said that the fighting power of the nations depended upon whether or not they were well-fed, at home and at the front. Our newspapers made much of the early food regulations and hunger riots in Vienna and Berlin. Later they became alarmed at the sinking of great cargoes of wheat bound from America to Great Britain. And, finally, a great popular enthusiasm swept the country, urging us to economize and produce food, until man, woman and child was planting potatoes and stooking sheaves. Everyone said that if we could only keep our soldiers well fed, they would win the war. Again they were partly right.

But our fighting power was based on more than guns and numbers. Our morale depended on other factors besides full stomachs. Our superiority to the enemy lay in the greater intelligence of our rank and file, in the more thoroughly disciplined characters of our private soldiers, in their innate appreciation of the justice of their cause. We recall that a typical English general once said that "Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton." Those of us who read Kipling

and Newbolt have learned that the Empire's "thin red line" has been recruited from the great schools of England. These men have told us that the greatness of the English Army is due to the greatness of the English school. These men also are partly right.

And this is the point that concerns us as members of the Moose Jaw Collegiate Institute. Our slogan ought likewise to be Greater Production. But let us not, as the critics, count our greater production in numbers only. Quality is always greater than quantity. Truly, this was a war of attrition, for it was a war in which one of two almost equally determined sides had to wear the other down. But numbers are not the only things that will wear. Neither will the thing which is greater in quantity always wear longer than the thing which is less. Nor will a full stomach wear better than a trained character. The aim of the Moose Jaw Collegiate Institute is greater production of the stuff that wears. Then we may fear no kind of attrition.

What is this stuff, you ask? Shakespeare defined that for us long ago. One of his heroes, perhaps the one we know best of all, he called, "A Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier." What a mighty combination! Venice in her prime stood for all that was great in the enterprises of commerce. She was the great market, and the great naval power of the world. From Venice you could trace the great pulsating arteries of civilization. A Venetian then was he who inherited the instinct of commerce, the finest finished product of civilization. A scholar! Why should it seem strange that one who represented in his person the greatest business instinct in the world, and was also a soldier, should have found time to be a scholar? In those days, scholarship was at a premium. Along the Venetian trade routes flowed not only material wares, but scholarship spread. That was the beginning of the New Learning. The men of greatest ambition in those days did not aspire to own a controlling interest in the yellow lava of the world's trade. They burned with a passion to find out things, to learn. For that, they sacrificed what to us are many of the necessities of life. A soldier! The magic significance of that word need not be pointed out to those of us who have lived in the most vivid years of history. It is enough to say that no man is perfect who is not prepared at the supreme moment to take his life in his hands.

Canada has great business men. Canada has the greatest of soldiers. But we have noticed that, to Shakespeare, only he was truly admirable who in addition to being urbane, and a soldier, was also a scholar. Dearth of scholarship at the present moment is the greatest deficiency of Canada, and especially of Western Canada. That is the breach that our school must help to fill.

Fortunately, perhaps, scholarship is not one of those things which can be easily defined. In that most delightfully entertaining of books, "Daddy Long Legs," we find this humorous confusion:

"The test of true scholarship," says the Chemistry Professor, "is a painstaking passion for detail." "Be careful not to keep your eyes glued to detail," says the History Professor. "Stand far enough away to get a perspective on the whole."

But humor aside, we need both experts with the microscope, and men of breadth of vision. We need in our graduates both perspective and detail. Let this be our ambition in this school. Let us follow the gleam!

W. M. HUGILL.

A PERFECT DAY IN FIRST CLASS

At 8.55 a.m., the ringing of the five minute bell finds assembled about the back window a handful of the flower of our youth, eagerly, and evidently with great avidity, viewing a slowly moving figure on the other side of the campus. Intense excitement prevails, and the air is filled with the half subdued eagerness of their jargon. As the seconds pass it seems that nine o'clock will surely find him elsewhere than on the premises of the noble edifice. Lou Ingram, ever ready to back a long shot with even money, calls for someone to cover the quarter he has against this mysterious person. As he ascends the front steps the nine o'clock bell breaks into sound; he hears it and suddenly seems to become electrified with motion. The remaining six steps he takes in one leap and in a few more disappears into the building. An almost infinitesimal period intervenes and then a sound like the roaring of thunder or like the stampede of a herd of elephants falls upon our ears. He is ascending the stairway. A flash is seen to pass the doorway, a click is heard from the cloakroom and ere the echoes of the bell are fully spent, Bill Baker's seat is occupied by none other than Bill himself. It is he who has been the recipient of all this attention for the past five minutes.

Mr. Stillwell enters. Business of marking Saunders absent.
Exit Mr. Stillwell.

For the next half hour the incantations of our worthy Trig. teacher aromate the ozone. Her time is mostly taken up with logs, but they do not prove pop'lar. The bell finds Baker in the midst of his morning siesta.

Mr. Hugill, entering, takes a few moments to give back the Latin translations. They are marked, Bada, Delpha, *etcetera*, and some very few Alpha. Senior Form resembles the Tower of Babel—the passage is given out in English, is translated into Latin, and marked in Greek. We would hate to tell in what language it is greeted. We are now

asked to turn to ode XYZ, where Horace wallows in his heart's eruptions. It reads thusly:

"Non paratus," freshie dixit,
Cum a sad and doleful look;
"Omne rectum" Prof. respondit,
"Nihil," scripsit in his book.

By the time Mr. Hugill has departed, Pascoe has joined the dormant Baker, and Bruce Smith's heavy breathing approaches the vulgar snore.

Enter Mr. Colling, heavily laden with a large number of historical works and a tuning-fork in his left hand.

"But what on earth does he want a tuning-fork for?" you ask.
—Why? To give notes, of course.

"Fraunks, what was the Rye House Plot?"

"It was a plot to break into a distillery," comes back the answer.

After a half-hour of this, the intermission bell tolls out its joyful tidings. Pascoe, Baker and Smith jump as if shot. Pascoe actually reaching for a boot to fling at it, mistaking it for the alarm clock. A very short five minutes later the bell for its cessation is received with much less pleasure, and obeyed with much less haste.

On returning to class, one finds that Geometry is in order. The proposition under consideration is to prove that a rotten potato equals a beehive. After a pause, Safety-razor Thompson—that is Thompson the Ever-ready—signifies his willingness to undertake the task. His reasoning runs:

A rotten potato = A speckled tater.
A speckled tater = A spectator.
A spectator = A beholder.
A beholder = A bee holder.
A bee holder = A beehive.

. . . A rotten potato equals a beehive. Q.E.D.

The theory of "two straight lines cannot enclose a space unless crooked" is then explained.

The bell tells us another round is up. Next thing on the programme is Composition. All continues well, and for awhile one can almost hear the old clock tick, although it has never been known to go. Then a low, ominous, almost inaudible, crackling sound commences to permeate the atmosphere, its source being about the southeast corner. It somehow resembles the merry jingle of ivory. This resemblance is strengthened by the hoarse whispers which reach our ears beseeching the "li'l ol' sev'n" to cease its coquettish search for oblivion, and to produce itself—

And then the bell!—Confusion is rampant. Everybody tries to use the door at one and the same time. Jim Miller in his haste grabs his Algebra, mistaking it for his Trig., and in a moment is gone.

Almost as if by magic the room is emptied. Nothing can compare with the pangs of hunger for an incentive to haste.

It is afternoon and Baker has just taken his seat. In other words, it is twenty-nine minutes after one. Mr. Stillwell repeats the performance of the morning and Miss Morrison enters. Miller is asked to explain the whereabouts of his Algebra homework. Although an adept at getting away with fictitious excuses, he tells the truth and is booked for after four.

"Hamilton, what have you in your mouth?"

Foster—alas!—has been dozing and answers sleepily "3a+4b."

Next is German—a spare for all but Baker. The Germans have one good point—they invented a language—and hence this spare. So Baker put in half an hour *Sprechen Deutsch*, while the rest of us loll in welcome leisure. Personally, we think anyone taking German ought first to be properly armed with a raincoat and an umbrella.

Now for Physics!

Mr. Stillwell reads, "Archimedes leapt from his bath, shouting Eureka! Eureka!" "Now, Speer, what does *Eureka* mean?"

"*Eureka* means *I have found it.*"

"Well, what had he found?"

"The soap," shouts out Spicer, at random, but luck was against him. The bell closes on this pitiful scene and Literature is ushered in.

Homer Robson is asked to divulge information as to the meaning of a *paragon*.

He does not know and makes a wild guess, "A many sided figure." The cut-out was immediately applied. Had his exhaust been left clear, and had he been given a second guess, he would probably have told us that it was something "which comforts while it mocks." See *paradox*, Rabbi Ben Ezra, for reference.

Then comes Biology. The work of the day is the examination of the bean seed. Mr. Ballard amuses himself, assuring the girls that the dissection of the snake will commence next lesson. Finding a bean on the floor he demands to know "who has lost their *bean*?"

And then the bell!—Oh, for a magic pen to describe the scene. Each girl seems to talk louder than the other. Books are hurriedly slammed together. Miller, with the air of a martyr, sets out with lagging footsteps for his gloomy destination. Slowly the room is emptied, and the few remaining rays of daylight fight heroically, but in vain, against the inroads of the gathering dusk, until, as if admitting defeat, it fades away to await the dawn when it will have revenge on this monster which has shown it no mercy. And so the world goes on, a day is gone that will never come again, but everyone is happy—it is the end of a perfect day.

JOHN MCGUIRE.

COUNTRY LIFE IN SWEDEN

We have all heard about the beautiful land of Sweden, but perhaps very few of us have ever stopped to take any further thought about the country or its inhabitants, beyond what we are required to learn in our geography. The study of the life of the inhabitants is interesting.

The people are very fond of out-door sports. They are very industrious. They live on little plots of land and till their land very carefully.

They love their homes very dearly and seldom leave them. Their houses are nearly all one storey dwellings and are built to withstand the cold. They have two rooms. One is the eating room and the other is the sleeping apartment. Here the people stay from year to year.

As soon as the snow melts the people till their narrow strip of land. The children seldom go to school and often have to work hard. The men are busy all summer looking after their crops. In the fall everybody helps to harvest. The men do the reaping. They gather every straw they can to feed the stock. The women and children follow the men and gather stray sheaves for the "Sparrows' Christmas Feast."

Winter is the best liked season of the year. The people nearly always indulge in out-door sports. Skiing, skating, coasting and snow-fights are some of their pastimes. At Christmas the sheaves of grain, which the children and women gleaned, are placed on a post for the sparrows. The birds flock around these sheaves, grateful for their long-looked-for feast.

The women are busy in winter with their housework and embroidery. The men lounge around and have an easy time.

Thus winter passes, and the spring work demands everybody's attention. So thus things go on from year to year, in the land of the *midnight sun*.

E. LEAMAN

AN EVENING IN THE WEST

The sun is sinking in the fiery west,
Mid splashes of gold and blue,
And the evening stars peep mildly down,
Whilst shadows fade from view.

The old moon looks from the twilight skies
On the world, and then she smiles,
To think of the peace and solitude
Hovering o'er the western wilds.

The west winds sweep the prairies wide,
And across the stretching plain,
They sigh and murmur to think that they
Must leave so soon again.

And then as if to drop the thought,
With shrill blast on they go,
Till they calm themselves and cease to howl,
Then, with a moan, forget to blow.

The coyote gives his long-drawn howl,
The wolf his plaintive cry,
And the night birds fold their wings to rest,
While the wind goes capering by.

Such is the wild, alluring west,
By mother nature chose,
To reveal the secrets of her art
And rest in sweet repose.

MARY BOWLIN

MIDSUMMER NIGHT

In the old garden everything was quiet and still, except for a very slight breeze, in which the trees swayed drowsily to and fro, and the flowers nodded sleepily in their beds. Everything seemed to sleep, and only by those who understand the fairy language could any sound be heard. In a sheltered corner of the garden, by a high stone wall, grew many flowers, and although most of them were sleeping two of the elves among the blossoms talked softly together.

"Did you not know," said the elf of the Daisy, "that tomorrow night will be midsummer night—the time of fairy revels? Our Queen has not yet spoken of the ball. Have you heard anything, Poppy?"

"I have heard nothing," answered the Poppy, "but surely our good Queen will not forget the usual festivities."

The fairies were silent again, but presently there was a whirr of tiny wings, and a troop of fairy messengers flew by announcing that the fairies' ball would be held the next night as the moon rose; and that the Queen had called a meeting of the elves for this evening at sundown.

The messengers passed on, their gauzy wings shining in the late afternoon sun, and among the elves in the garden there arose an excited discussion.

"You see, our Queen has not forgotten," said the Daisy, "but of course the meeting tonight will be to choose the fairy who will be guest of honor at the ball. I wonder who will be chosen tonight?"

"I think I have worked the hardest," said the fairy of the Rose that grew nearby. "I have tried all year to win, and I think I really deserve to be chosen,"—and she drew herself up proudly.

"Yes; the Rose elf will win," was whispered about from flower to flower. "She has worked hard, and in spite of her pride she deserves some reward."

"Of course Rose will be chosen," said the Poppy, "for myself, I never did aspire to such honor—but see, it grows late, we must go and prepare for this evening," and shaking out her scarlet robes she flew quickly to her blossom, the other following more slowly.

The meeting was for the purpose of choosing a fairy who had tried most faithfully through the year to help the mortals placed under her charge. It was the Queen's custom to do this on the evening preceding the grand ball. The fairy chosen was crowned in the presence of the whole court, and that fairy became, until the next midsummer, second only to the Queen herself in position at court.

That evening, when the bright red glow left by the setting sun had faded to a dull pink, the fairies trooped to the forest, where the Queen, on great occasions, held her court. From all directions small bands of elves might be seen approaching, or talking eagerly in little groups, for the meeting was an important one, and no one knew who would be the Queen's choice.

Presently the Queen rose, and the murmur of voices ceased. Then she addressed the elves assembled there.

"My subjects," she said, "we have gathered here tonight to choose the one of all our band who has most faithfully done her work through the past year, and who has tried her best to help all who came to her. I have watched and waited, seeing how my elves carried out my desires, and now I am going to name one who has toiled among the mortals without help or reward, and has done her best for them. This fairy is —," she paused, and glanced smilingly around the company.

"Rose! Rose has won!" cried many voices. "Rose has worked hardest, and has won the prize!" Everyone turned to where the tall rose stood, and she blushed redder still with pride, and held her head yet higher.

"No," said the Queen sadly, "it is not Rose. She has only tried to win favor, instead of trying truly to help people. No, the one whom I have chosen is little Harebell!—Harebell, come forth!" And out from the great throng of elves came a tiny, slender, blue-clad elf, who knelt at the Queen's feet.

The Queen stepped down to meet her, and, placing a sparkling crown upon the golden head, said to her:

"Dear little fairy, to all lands you have gone bravely forth, seeking to beautify the earth where you passed. On the wide, bare prairie you have carefully tended the sweet flowers which bear your name. By your tender care they have thrived and grown where other flowers fail. In the mountains, your delicate blossoms have lifted their faces to the sky, or bowed before the lashing storm, without being discouraged. In the valleys, and by the rivers, on the plains, and rocky cliffs, you have planted and tended blossoms that make the bare earth beautiful, and gladden the hearts of mortals. Now, in token of our appreciation and love I place this flower crown upon your head. Dear little elf, may you ever be as happy as you have made others."

The Queen ceased, and a great cheer arose from all the band. The little fairy kissed the Queen's hand and, turning, vanished silently among the crowd.

• • • •

On midsummer night—the time of fairy revels—as soon as the moon had risen above the trees, flocks of merry elves began to gather in the forest, where they stood around in large groups and gaily dressed throngs to await the appearance of the Queen with her court.

Presently there was a sound of soft music and the fairies stood silent as their Queen approached. First came six heralds, dressed in russet and green, with silver trumpets in their hands. Next came the ladies of the court, in white, with wreaths of pale blue harebells upon their heads, and then came the Queen herself. She wore a dress of sparkly, frosty white, with a long mantle of silvery blue. From her head floated a long delicate veil of silver cobwebs, strung with diamond dewdrops, and held in place by a wreath of the blue flowers with leaves of silver. Behind the Queen flew Harebell, bearing the Queen's train, for this she had begged to do. More heralds and court soldiers brought up the procession.

Through the long night they danced and played in the moonlight, to the music of the wind harps. Gay was the scene and happy were the faces, and the silent old forest rang with the merry voices of elfin revellers. Afterwards they had a banquet, spread out upon mushrooms, which consisted of wild berries and honey, and fairy eakes, served in flower dishes.

When the moon had set, and the stars were beginning to pale, the fairies rose, and after singing one more song in honor of their Queen, and little Harebell, they flew silently back to their homes, where all curled up in their flowers, to dream away the hours until evening should call them once more to their appointed tasks.

PUELLA ET PUERI

Long years ago in ancient Rome
There lived a young gallina.
She sported round, nor stayed at home,
She was some little queena.

She rode out in an omnibus,
She wore her little capio,
And all the boys, os capita,
Were very, very munio.

At one puer she winked her eye,
Said she, "You are some kiddo,
And if habes peeuniam,
I will not be perfido."

The place was not idoneus,
Sed cepit by the hand,
Et multas, longas, kissimas,
He straightway did demand.

In domus parva they then dwelt,
They lived on love and aqua;
And while he sat and smoked his pipe,
She darned his old blue socqua.

H. M. T.

A DESERTED HOMESTEAD

Having heard of a deserted homestead, located two or three miles back in the woods, I resolved to go to inspect it the following afternoon.

With great difficulty I made my way along a road which had been unused for so long that it had become overgrown. Going around a bend, I suddenly found myself in a clearing, about five acres in extent. Here and there it was dotted with poplar stumps and young poplars. In the centre of the clearing stood a small log shanty with a square log barn behind it. Both looked old and timeworn. The barn seemed on the verge of collapse and the house was in an advanced state of decay. Bushes grew everywhere about the house. An old snake fence, half down, enclosed a garden patch, now fouled with weeds

and grass. I soon spied a path that seemed to lead towards the house. It was scarcely discernible because of the bushes which had grown over it.

Picking my way down this path to the front of the house, I saw that it was in a worse condition than I had at first divined. The roof had sagged and fallen in at one corner; the stove-pipe chimney was all rusted and dented; the door hung on one hinge; the window frames had fallen out of the windows; the crannies in the eaves and gables were filled with numerous sparrows' nests. Before entering the house I turned my attention to the barn. The log walls sagged inwards and already one side of the sod-roof had fallen in. A heap of sods and pieces of rotten logs blocked the doorway.

On crossing the threshold of the house the floor creaked ominously under my weight; several birds flew out of the windows; a mouse scurried across the floor and disappeared into a hole under a log. The chinking from between the logs had fallen to the floor. The floor was littered with rubbish and dirt, and the corners were filled with innumerable cobwebs.

The place, being filled with unwholesome odors, I soon satisfied my curiosity and retraced my steps across the clearing and through the woods.

The whole scene had given me the impression of loneliness and neglect. As I passed through the woods I let my thoughts wander into the past. I tried to realize that the now desolate ruin had once been a home; that the garden, now rank with weeds, had once been cared for by those who depended on it for food; that the doorway, now blocked with the fallen roof, had once held children who watched their father tend his team after a day's work in the field. Where are they now? Mayhap, they are dead and forgotten, or, perhaps, they have sought a new home elsewhere—who knows!

BRIAN GOSLING

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

At last I was on my way to the field of battle! My mind was made up on winning, but I knew the result depended more on the intensity of the battle than on myself. Everything might go all right despite all my fears, and yet—things sometimes have a habit of going all wrong at the tragic moment. But why should I think about it in that way—it was not exactly a matter of life and death, as battles usually are, but rather a matter of success or failure. However I must explain to you what the struggle was, which I was preparing to face. The hour had come when I must for the first time rub elbows with the world as a country school teacher!

Would the train ever reach my destination, or was it my excitement that made the train seem to move so slowly? Would my tact be equal to the occasion when I should arrive? Would I be capable of managing the situation? These are some of the questions that followed one another in rapid succession through my fevered brain.

“——” called out the trainman, an announcement which brought my heart into my mouth! I gathered up my varied belongings, and soon found myself on the ground in front of a box car, which served as a station. Not far from this building was another larger structure, which presented a none too attractive appearance. This, I supposed, to be the general store, as it seemed to be the only building in the village, if this place might be called such. Tied to a post in front of the store was a team and wagon.

“Be you the schoolmarm?” I turned and saw the speaker, a rough bearded individual, who undoubtedly was to be my guide. When he had been reassured that I was really the person for whom he was looking, he informed me that the wagon was to be my next means of conveyance. This was a prospect which I felt would not be exactly pleasant, but I made up my mind to grin and bear it.

All the way to my new home I kept wondering whether or not I would find things in my new surroundings endurable. But on that point I was soon to be relieved. As we passed the little school where I was to labor in the future, I failed to find myself anxious to begin work in a building so unattractive and uninteresting. We soon reached our destination, a rather small shack, of which, nevertheless, I was to have one room. The children were from twelve downwards and, although they seemed very well behaved, I was inclined to think that their evident good conduct was due to awe of a stranger. The evening meal did not exactly resemble the kind to which I had been accustomed, but I kept in mind that these people were foreigners, and I must not be too exacting.

Next morning I could hardly control my excitement. How would the children receive me, anyway? I had learned that I was to have about thirteen pupils, ranging in age from six to seventeen years, which brought before my mind's eye visions of pigtailed and pinafores, dirty hands and faces and chewing gum.

I rang the bell, thinking how unnecessary it was, for the children were all standing about, trying to look indifferent, but with the frank open stare of childhood. My first task was to learn the names of the boys and girls, which I began to do immediately. I had reached the third pupil—a small girl of about eight years, who was sitting with her sister. The little girl was beginning to rise when—a scream rent the air, and, as I rushed down to find out what was the source of such severe pain, I discovered that the “young gentleman”

sitting behind the girls had been using his time in tying together their long braids. For this misconduct he was removed to a seat where no pigtails tempted him and where he was closely watched.

Incidents like this were not my worst trouble, however. At first, I thought that as far as talking was concerned I should have no trouble, but soon the chattering began. It became so intense that I was at my wits' end as to what I should do to stop it. My words seemed to fall on deaf ears! Fancy trying to fathom the arrangement of a jumble of consonants, while from all parts of the room whispered conversation came to my ears. I made up my mind that it must stop when —

A bumping, banging noise was heard! Upon looking out of the window, I saw that a mule belonging to one of the children had managed to break loose, and was enjoying himself immensely. What should I do? I decided that it must not be allowed to run away; so I sent out the largest boy to see that the mule was retied properly. The mule, however, did not favor the prospect in the least, but the boy, who was not very agile, did not give up and kept on trying to catch the animal. Suddenly the mule became angry and the boy retreated; but not quickly enough to avoid a nasty kick on the shoulder. How I wished I had not discontinued that first aid course! Had his arm been broken or —

"Girl! I thought you had your Algebra to finish—why it's half-past eight already—wake up!"

Where was I?—then a feeling of relief surged over me—I had only been dreaming!!

M. G. B.

"They also serve who only stand and wait."—Milton.

"Let your speech be always with Grace."

"All the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action."—Lowell.

"The price of wisdom is above rubies."

"One example is worth a thousand arguments."—Gladstone.

"They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts."





HONOR ROLL

KILLED IN ACTION

A. J. Battell.
C. Bayne.
G. Bailey.
O. D. Bradley.
N. Cunningham.
R. Cole.
H. Corrigan.
W. Green.
C. Gibson.
G. McClelland.
N. McClelland.
H. McIntosh.
J. McWilliams.
V. Nesbith.
A. Pascoe.
J. R. Ponton.
A. Richmond.
L. Ross.
G. Sinclair.
C. Tanner.
A. Thompson.
W. I. White.

WOUNDED

H. Brittain.
K. Bowyer.
W. Cook.
E. Cole.
E. Grier.
D. Grierson.
R. Greer.
R. Hinds.
C. Hinds.
C. Holmes.
J. E. Hollinquist.
F. Joyner.
C. Kennedy.
F. Kent.
C. Kern.
P. Kern.
F. Knight.
W. C. Moffat.
B. Moffat.
R. McDougall.
G. Maharg.
G. Paul.
A. Rorison.
L. Silverson.
F. Vicq.
M. C. McLean.
H. Hedley.





HONOR ROLL

ENLISTED

E. Hincheny.	E. Dougias.	A. Dines.
S. Hincheny.	R. Drury.	G. Durant.
E. E. Jenner.	A. J. Foerster.	C. Emmerson.
W. Law.	F. Frizzell.	G. Emmerson.
G. McAdam.	G. Getty.	R. Ellis.
W. McAnderson.	K. Getty.	R. Erratt.
H. McKean.	S. Getty.	J. Farrelly.
A. McKillop.	L. Gilmour.	A. Fraser.
J. W. McKay.	F. Glimour.	J. Franks.
C. McLellan.	C. Goudie.	J. W. Forge.
J. McMullan.	A. Green.	C. Fysh.
S. Milier.	D. Green.	W. Gibbard.
A. Morris.	K. Hamilton.	D. Grayson.
P. Moore.	A. Hartley.	H. Green.
H. Moss.	D. Hartley.	C. Green.
C. Munns.	H. Hetherington.	R. Grier.
W. Munns.	G. Heffelfinger.	W. Grierson.
A. Pascoe.	P. Heffelfinger.	E. Hayes.
P. Paterson.	S. Adams.	A. Hancock.
R. Paul.	B. Adams.	C. Harper.
A. Pixley.	J. Q. Adams.	C. Hall.
H. Pope.	G. Alcock.	J. Hamilton.
C. Reid.	R. E. Anderson.	T. Healy.
H. Reid.	R. Armstrong.	P. Heaton.
W. Rose.	T. Armstrong.	E. Heintz.
H. Samway.	W. Armstrong.	G. Hislop.
W. Simington.	G. Bailey.	J. Hooper.
S. Smith.	R. Bouskilli.	E. Holdsworth.
W. Smith.	A. Bogue.	L. Hossie.
G. Vicq.	A. Broatch.	N. Hossie.
H. Wenseley.	D. Broatch.	H. Ingram.
L. Westbrook.	C. Brooks.	S. Jacobson.
C. A. White.	M. Brass.	E. Johnstone.
St. C. Wilson.	J. O. Brooksbank.	G. Johnston.
E. Alexander.	C. Buchanan.	S. Kent.
H. Battell.	J. Bottig.	L. Kern.
N. Bastedo.	A. Buchanan.	F. Kern.
W. Baxter.	C. Bristow.	H. Kempton.
C. Battell.	J. R. Bunn.	F. Knight.
L. Benson.	F. Burton.	C. Larkin.
M. Baxter.	I. Bowers.	J. Larkin.
G. Binning.	L. Campbell.	F. Lightie.
T. C. Blix.	S. Cecy.	H. Lockwood.
T. I. Blix.	F. Ciark.	C. Martin.
R. Bone.	J. C. Colling.	R. McCrae.
C. Brooks.	G. Cruickshank.	K. McCrae.
A. Chegwin.	G. Cunningham.	W. McCaslin.
L. Coons.	W. Cuthbert.	R. McHaffie.
W. Cook.	G. Davidson.	A. McGill.
St. C. Douglas.	H. Deyo.	R. McGillivray.



HONOR ROLL

ENLISTED

H. McKay.	P. Pritchard.	M. Thompson.
H. McKean.	H. Reeser.	I. Urquhart.
L. McKeown.	G. Reid.	H. Vaughan.
W. McLean.	K. Reid.	N. Waller.
A. McNair.	R. Rondeau.	B. Warner.
G. McNair.	S. Rogers.	C. Wellington.
R. Monk.	B. Rorison.	E. Westbrook.
W. More.	S. Ross.	R. Wilford.
J. Moss.	W. Ruffell.	R. Wilkins.
R. Milford.	M. Rutherford.	J. Wilson.
R. Mills.	J. C. Scott.	G. Wilson.
A. Muir.	A. Skelley.	M. Wilson.
P. Muggeridge.	J. Spencer.	R. Wilkinson.
D. Patterson.	M. Spicer.	L. Withrow.
J. Perch.	E. Stewart.	F. Woodruff.
F. Peters.	W. Stuart.	W. Wright.
A. Peters.	H. Tassman.	E. Young.
F. Pitts.	H. Taylor.	H. Zavitz.
C. Porter.	J. Thompson.	

First Small Boy—"See, Willie, I weigh three pounds more than you do."

Second Small Boy—"Aw—that's not fair. You've got your hands in your pockets."

Teacher—"Why are the muscles in my head smaller than those in my arms?"

Pupil—"Because you don't use them as much!"

Teacher—"Of what use is rain to the land?"

Intelligent One—"It makes mud."

Teacher—"What was the result of the English revolution?"

Pupil—"Boston Tea Party."



COLLEGIATE OUTLOOK

PUBLISHED UNDER AUSPICES OF

THE LITERARY SOCIETY

Moose Jaw Collegiate Institute

Advertising Rates on Application

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Circulation Manager—Rowan Binning.

Assistant Circulation Manager—Bruce Smith.

Correspondence and Exchanges should be addressed to

THE COLLEGIATE OUTLOOK—Collegiate Institute, Moose Jaw.

MOOSE JAW, SASK., EASTER, 1919



The Advisory Committee, in making the selection of material from students' contributions for *The Outlook*, have found the task one of peculiar difficulty. In the first instance, the amount of material contributed was more than required in some particular lines, and less than required in others. Some material was not up to standard—this was rejected. Many jokes sent in lacked *local color*, being merely clippings or copies from popular magazines.

The Committee wish to commend those who willingly and enthusiastically contributed their part toward making this paper possible.

We wish to thank Miss Johnston and Miss Halliday for so kindly arranging the Senior Form picture. They must have gone to a great deal of trouble and we are very much indebted to them.

The design for the cover was drawn by Mary Gartside, and the drawings which are to be found at the head of each department are the work of Jerrold Armstrong.

Recently Canada lost one of her most distinguished sons, in the passing of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Not only was he a conspicuous figure in the public life of the Dominion, but he was a man of high ideals and upright character.

The outstanding feature of his career is the unifying, to a great extent, of the sentiment of the French-Canadian and of the English-Canadian.

Men die; but problems of government, as well as principles, live. For their solution we shall need not only the best brains among our public men, but the devotion to the country that was the distinguishing note of Sir Wilfrid's life.

In order to encourage the reading of advertisements in this magazine, the management have decided to introduce a contest, eligible only to student subscribers.

Throughout the pages of the advertising a number of small typographical errors, such as misspelt words, inverted letters, etc., will be found. To the first person sending in the nearest correct answers, giving the page and ad. in which each mistake is found, a prize of \$3.00 will be given. A second prize of \$2.00, and also a third of \$1.00 will be given.

The answers for this contest must be handed into *Mr. Ashman of the Advisory Committee*, not later than three weeks after the publication of the magazine. The answers will be numbered as they are received and the first three nearest correct answers will obtain the above prizes.

TO OUR FRIENDS AND PATRONS

The staff of the Collegiate Outlook desires to express its appreciation of the liberal support extended to our advertising columns by the professional and business men of Moose Jaw. We are confident that the students of the Collegiate and the families from which they come will show their appreciation by a liberal patronage of these merchants.





Collegiate Moose 19 Senior



E.G. Grayson

C.A. Hurtt

G.L. Ingram

V.E. Robson

K.E. Rose

J.M. Miller

E.J. Moss

J.F. Pascoe

G.E. Saywell

M.J. Spicer

D. McCrea

M.M. Brittan

J.M. Franks

C. Sinclair

W.A. Baker

M.E. Green

M.G. Gartside

H.L. Robson

te Institute ouse Jaw ior Form 19



EXCHANGES

We have received few exchanges this term—probably because our own first number is so late in appearing. Those which have been received, therefore, are all the more thankfully acknowledged.

To the *Vox Lycei*, which comes to us from Hamilton, Ont., we give first place in our exchanges. Certainly it would be hard to beat such a magazine! Its size, cover design, material and unique arrangement, all go to show the alertness and enthusiasm of the school which edits it.

The Spectator from Johnston (Pa.) High School is another of our most interesting exchanges. The school sentiment runs high. The essays, chiefly on the subject of the war, are very cleverly written, and essays, chiefly on the subject of the war, are very cleverly written, and the jokes in the magazine do not fall short of the standard set by the essays.

We are pleased to acknowledge *The Acadia Athenaeum* of Wolfville, N.S., which is one of our old friends. As usual it is bright and breezy throughout, with prose and poetry well interspersed. The personal department, which is the connecting link between the new students and the older graduates, is well conducted. Special mention should be made of the prize story competition. This is a good suggestion for school journals that find it difficult to obtain literary material. It would not only make the literary contributions greater in number and better in quality, but also would benefit the individual.

From Haddonfield High School comes the February number of *The Shield*, also one of our old friends. A splendid school spirit is shown all through the magazine. Rather short of literary numbers, but the humorous sections are fine.

THE GRADE EIGHT FOUR DEBATING SOCIETY

On Friday afternoon, February 28, the pupils of Grade Eight Four met to organize a debating society. Mr. Hngill acted as temporary chairman. It was decided that the society should be called the "Grade Eight Four Debating Society," and that it should meet regularly on Friday afternoons; the subject for debate and the debaters to be chosen one week in advance. This choice was left to the permanent eritie, Mr. Hugill. The offeers of the society were to be a chairman and a secretary; the seeretary of one meeting was to be chairman of the next meeting. So far there have been two meetings, both of which were interesting. The speeches were brief and to the point, and were delivered in well chosen words. The first topic was: "Resolved, that school hours should be from 8 a.m. to 1 p.m." The affirmative was discussed by Hazel Cruden and Edith Riddell, and the negative was discussed by Margaret Currie and Marion Brittain.

The topic for the sec&nd meeting was: "Resolved, that one learns better from experience than from reading." Steele Sifton and Robert Cooke debated on the side of the affirmative, and George Bastedo and Walter Seaborn debated on the side of the negative.

DOROTHY MILLER, *Secretary.*

**THE LITERARY SOCIETY
EXECUTIVE**

Hon. President—Mr. J. K. Colling.
President—James Miller.
First Vice-President—Helen MacIntyre.
Second Vice-President—Annie Graham.
Secretary—Marjorie Brittain.
Treasurer—Ern. Pascoe.
Curator—Lou Ingram.

The education of a High School student does not consist wholly of learning from books, but a great deal of it is to be ascribed to the Literary Society, where a knowledge of public speaking and of the manner of conducting a meeting in a businesslike way is acquired. In the Literary Society, the students are requested to take part in the programmes in whatever way they are capable of doing. To the person taking part it seems that all he does is to provide entertainment for the rest; but in reality it is he, himself, who is deriving the greatest benefit. He is learning to feel at home before a large audience, thus making it easier for him in later life.

This year has been a particularly successful one in the history of the Collegiate Literary Society. The meetings have all been very interesting and some of them have been of outstanding merit. While for the most part the programmes have been of a miscellaneous nature, they have nevertheless been very entertaining and have shown a great diversity of talent. There were four programmes, however, worthy of special mention. One of these was the debate given by Middle Form, "Resolved, that the country produces a more efficient type of man than the city." Both sides were ably supported and it was some time before the judges, Miss Cowie, Miss Harold and Mr. Coles, finally gave their verdict in favor of the affirmative. The "Minstrel Show" put on by the boys of the school showed great versatility and talent, the solos, choruses, recitations and especially the quartette receiving enthusiastic applause. The one-act farce comedy, "A Patron of Art," staged by the girls of the school, was also greatly enjoyed. The girls chosen seemed particularly well suited to their parts. Great praise is due Miss Cowie for having so successfully directed them. The programme given by the Junior Forms, under the direction of Miss Harold, was another great success, the unique feature being that the major part consisted of choruses, songs and recitations in French.

In spite of the fact that we lost nearly six weeks this term, owing to the influenza epidemic, the interest in the Literary Society never decreased. Congratulations are due the Executive and thanks due those who have so willingly assisted them. Up to date we have held ten successful meetings and it is with great interest that we look forward to the programme to be put on in the near future by our worthy staff.

MARJORIE M. BRITTAINE, *Secretary*

COLLEGiate MINSTRELS



Top Row—(Left to right)—W. Baker, C. Rhuland, R. Frey, E. Pascoe, G. Haigh, S. Franks, C. Allward, S. Scott, B. Smith, B. Gosling, R. Henderson, A. Necker.
Bottom Row—(Left to right)—R. Binning, E. Thompson, L. Wilson, C. Husband, F. Cooper, J. Miller, Miss H. MacCauley, H. Robson, H. Miles, B. Cooper, J. McGuire, L. Ingram.

SENIOR FORM SKATING PARTY

The 18th of January proved to be such a sunny day that Senior Form feared that there would be no ice for skating. However, everyone put in an appearance and it was decided that we should at least attempt to skate.

Despite the extreme softness of the ice we enjoyed ourselves and when the bell rang we journeyed back to the auditorium rather weary and hungry. But we were not too tired to indulge in several games of French tag, charades, etc., till about midnight, when a dainty lunch was served, which was not confined to the party, but also enjoyed by the unknown, who relieved us of part of our ice cream.

MIDDLE FORM SLEIGHING PARTY

The annual Middle Form sleighing party was held on Friday, February 21, 1919. About fifty students gathered at the Collegiate for the sleigh ride, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all. After an hour and a half on the sleighs, the party returned to the school, where the evening was spent in playing games.

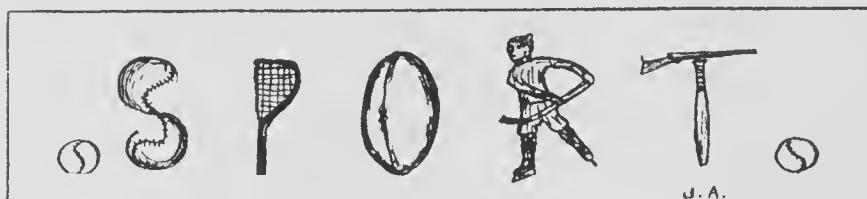
About 11.30 luncheon was served by the girls, and shortly after midnight the party broke up, all agreeing that they had had a splendid time.

JUNIOR THREE SLEIGHING PARTY

The students of Junior Three gathered on February 28, 1919, for their annual sleighing party. After two hours on the sleighs, which were much enjoyed by all, the junior-formers returned to the school, where games occupied the remainder of the evening.

Lunch was served by the girls in the gymnasium, and at midnight the happy party dispersed to their various homes, agreeing that the evening had been a most enjoyable one.





FIELD DAY

On October 11th, 1918, the annual field meet for the Collegiate and Inter-Public Schools was held on the Collegiate campus, and proved to be one of the most successful ever held. The King George School once more captured the City Shield by defeating the Empire School by only four points.

In the Senior Collegiate events, J. Miller captured the championship with a total of 20 points to his credit, and also made a new record in the running high jump, by jumping 5 ft. 1 in. Hugh McCrae came second with a total of 12 points, and Fred Cooper third with 8 points. The total number of points obtainable was 27.

R. Cook carried off the championship in the Intermediate Collegiate events, with a total of 16 points out of the possible number of 27. W. Lockwood came second with 10 points, and F. Farquahar third with 8 points.

The junior championship was won by W. Pope, who made a total number of 26 points out of a possible 30. Esden Cross came second with 13 points to his credit, and R. Tanner third, with 10 points.

In the events listed for the Senior Collegiate girls, C. Reid won the championship with a total of 14 points, while H. McIntyre came second with 10 points, and L. Shaw third with 9 points. The total number of points obtainable in the Senior Girls events was 28.

F. Green, with H. Racy coming second, and E. Graham third, captured the Intermediate Collegiate girls' championship, with a total of 19 points out of a possible 28. H. Racy, who came second, obtained 13, and E. Graham, third, with 8 points.

The Junior girls' championship was won by G. Upex, who obtained 10 points, out of a possible number of 28. M. Brittain came second with a total of 8 points, while S. Fraser, M. Parsley and J. Motta tied for third place, each having obtained a total of 7 points.

HOCKEY

The Collegiate Hockey Club, although rather late in getting started, pitched in in real earnest when once they started. A meeting was called and officers were elected. It was decided to send a challenge

to the College for a game. The challenge was accepted and the two teams met on Tuesday, January 21, for the first time this season.

The game, although fast and furious for the whole sixty minutes of play, was too much one-sided to cause much excitement. The brand of hockey dished up by the Collegiate boys was very gratifying, seeing that it was their first game, and the crowd of rooters which left the rink were well satisfied with the score, 7-0, for the boys of M.J.C.I.

Elated by the victory the team looked round for more victims, and decided to show Regina how to play hockey. A challenge was sent down and on Saturday, March 15, the boys of the crimson and gold invaded the capital city. All paths seemed to lead to the rink that day, for when the boys arrived they found a fair-sized crowd assembled. For a whole hour the teams battled, the smoke clearing away to find Moose Jaw at the small end of a 7-4 score. The Regina boys deserved their victory and all were satisfied. Our boys returned home defeated, but looking forward to a return game.

BASKETBALL

On March 1st, a game of basketball was played at the Y.M.C.A., between the Moose Jaw and Regina Collegiate teams. The first half of the game proved very exciting, and at the end of half-time the Regina five led by only two baskets. The second half of the game proved much less exciting as the Moose Jaw five became slightly nervous, and thus a number of baskets were scored against them, which, under ordinary circumstances would have been stopped. The game ended in a victory for the Regina boys with a score of 34-16. R. Cooper and L. Wilson starred for the home team while F. Cooper, C. Husband and A. Necker also did good work. A large crowd was present and gave good support to the Collegiate team. A return game is to be played in Regina, in the near future.

On March 15th, the Moose Jaw Collegiate basketball team journeyed to Regina, where a basketball game was played with the Regina Collegiate basketball team. The game proved very fast and very close and at half time the Regina boys led by only seven points, the score being 20-13.

The second half of the game proved disastrous for the Moose Jaw five, for, though their combination in passing the ball was excellent, the weight of their heavier opponents began to tell on them. The game ended in a victory for the Regina boys, the score being 50-33.

L. Wilson and J. Miller starred for the home team, and it is to their credit that the score for the Moose Jaw five was increased to the final score.

The Moose Jaw players were as follows:

Forwards—R. Cooper, A. Necker. Centre—L. Wilson. Guards
—F. Cooper, J. Miller.

In Dec. 2nd, 1918, the girls' basketball league was reorganized. The officers elected were Mr. Coles, Honorary President; Dorothy Law, President; Clara Reid, Vice-President; Helen Battell, Secretary-Treasurer; and the committee of three, Eva Green, Mary Shaw, and Dorothy Riddell.

It was decided by the committee that the league be divided into junior and senior, the junior being all of the Grade VIIIs, and the seniors being the Junior, Middle and Senior Forms.

Two shields are to be awarded, one to each league. This, of course, is making the competition keener. In the junior league, there is material for splendid players, but they, like all the rest, feel the need of a good trainer, and will be glad when they can have a physical instructor.

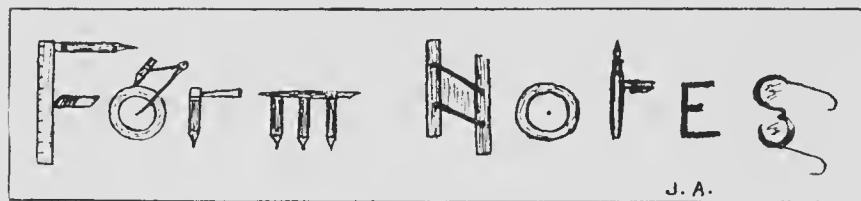
There is one thing lacking in our school sports. We have splendid players, but the students as a body do not give them the support they should. Wake up, boys and girls, learn these yells, and do your little bit for the Moose Jaw Collegiate:

Boom a lacka, boom a lacka, key, ki, kar,
Anyone with half a eye can tell who we are.
In sports of all sorts, winners are we;
Moose Jaw Collegiate, Ri, Rah, Ri!

Well, well, we have no yell,
But when we yell we yell like—
Boom, chic a boom, boom, chic a boom,
Boom, chic a rick a chicka,
Boom, boom, boom.
Sis, boom, bah, sis, boom, bah,
Moose Jaw Collegiate, rah! rah! rah!

Onery two, klickerty klu,
How many high, hickerty hu.
Crimson and gold, crimson and gold,
The half of us have not been told.
Yip, yip, yip; yaw, yaw, yaw.
Ho, ho, ho; haw, haw, haw.
Sis, boom, bah; sis, boom, bah—
Moose Jaw Collegiate, rah! rah! rah!

Are we rough? Are we tough?
We're from Moose Jaw—
That's enough!



J. A.

SENIOR FORM

SENIOR FORM TABLE OF HYMNS

9.00. Trig.—Here we suffer grief and pain.

9.35. Latin—Tell me the old, old story.

10.10. History — Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom.

10.45. Recess—Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

10.50. Geometry—How long, O Lord, how long.

11.25. Literature — Art thou weary, art thou languid.

12.00. Noon—O, Lord, how happy should we be!

1.30. Algebra—Go, labour on.

2.00. Physics—Fight the good fight.

2.30. Literature — Christians, seek not yet repose.

3.00. Chemistry—What various hindrances we meet.

3.30. Biology—Rescue the perishing.

4.00. Now the day is over.

Eva was worried as to how to look while having her picture taken for *The Outlook*, but Helen solved the problem for her. "Don't think about yourself," she said, "think about something pleasant."

Physical Science Teacher — What is a vacuum?" Silence for a while and then our promising young hopeful, McGuire, looks enlightened.

Mr. St——ll—"Well, what?" McGuire—"I have it, sir, in my head, but I can't explain it."

Mr. Spicer says that grass never grows on busy streets. (We wonder!)

A suitable motto for the Senior Form Latin class: "*Nil desperandum.*"

History Teacher (to pupil at the back of the room): "What are you doing?"

Pupil—"Studying History."

Teacher—"I'll make a note of that."

Geometry Teacher — "What happens when two faces coincide?"

Pupil (blushing)—"I—er—I er, don't know."

Senior Form has come to the conclusion that Mr. Ballard must be one of those awful Germans—at least he has been employing their principles. Didn't he make us dissect the *same* fish for *two weeks*? And we defenceless and without gas masks!

Miss M——n (to inattentive senior pupil) — "Here! here! Wasting your time like this. When summer comes you'll be wondering why you failed, and I'll be wondering why you passed."

MIDDLE FORMS**OUR THOUGHTS IN SONG**

Allward—Mammy's Little Coal
Blæk Rose.

Gosling—My Bonny, Bouny Jean.
Bolton—Down on the Farm.

Pitts—K-K-Katy.

Cooper—When Dorothy was
Sweet Sixteen.

Jessie T.—They Go Wild,
Simply Wild Over Me.

Henderson—Smiles.

Jean C.—I Have a Little Duck
at Home.

Plaxton—'N Everything.

Battell—My Little Grey Home
in the West.

L. Wilson—We Won't Be
Home Till Morning.

Murphy—Long Boy.

Jennie Me—C(r)oön Time.

Can you solve this Riddell?
Why does Bob Cooper go east?

In Algebra we're whirlwinds
In Grammar, we exel;—
Geometry is our speeialty,
And History — well—
Ask Miss M—b—k.

Miss L. (in composition class)
—“Use the dash when words, letters
or figures are omitted, as:
“They went to H—”

Suppressed giggles from class.

OUR A.B.C.—M1

“A” is for Allward, ashylittle lad.
“B” is for Bolton, who never is
bad.

“C” is for Coopers, the basketball
twins.

“D” is for Decker, who always
stays in:

“E” is for Everett, who ever is
funny.

“F” is for Frey, he just loves
Neeker's “bunny.”

“G” is for Gosling, any girl's
mate.

“H” is Hazel, who just loves to
skate.

“I” is for Isabella, quiet wee lass.

“J” is for Jenny, the star of the
class.

“K” is for Kenneth, so silent a
boy.

“L” for Louise who is so full of
joy.

“M” is for Mildred, Miss Morri-
son's pet (?)

“N” is for Neeker, he's *some* boy,
I'll bet!

“P” is for Pitts, our soldier so
bold.

“Q” is for Quark, she's too bad to
be told.

“R” is for Ross, so meek and so
sweet.

“S” is for Seotty, who cannot be
beat.

“T” is for Thomson, O, those dark
eyes.

“W” for Wilson who takes dane-
ing prize.

Of the rest of the alphabet, we
have no names;

But I think this enough to fill your
poor brains.

HEARD AROUND OUR FORM

“Great Seott,” exelaimed Da-
vid's son, “the Cooper will Bolon
us if we don't treat him White,
and we will Get(ty) it in the
Neek(er)!”

“O pShaw!” answered Tom's
son, “we'll feed him up on Frey'd
Goslings and Murphys.”

GIRLS AND GEOMETRY(M²)

Geometry really worries me
I don't know what to do.
It's mixed like everything
With the girls of Middle²

VL is like a circle—
Really it's a shame.
DL and AG are parallel,
SB and MM the same.

GD is the locus
Of LJ and KB.
MMe and AC
To the angle of MB.

IC sometimes equals MO,
Although they are not there.
If both these sides are equal,
Then AM must be square.

CH is the altitude
Of EP, though not so tall.
Now here they are all jumbled—
They're never right at all.

Lovemaking is going on in the
very midst of M². A young and
brilliant youth remarked to Miss
C—w—c: "My love for you over-
comes my reason."

Evidently there is little hope
being entertained for any of the
students of M² passing at mid-
summer, as Miss M—le—k re-
marked: "We will take Ancient
History for a thousand years."

L. J—t—n, translating French:
"I divided my aunt into fifteen
parts."

Mr. Ballard: "No pigs were al-
lowed to be exported from Ire-
land."

Williams: "Say, Malone, how
did you get out?"

JUNIOR FORMS

Worn out by a long series of
appalling French exercises in
Junior 5, a High School mistress
declared her intention of writing
to J——'s mother.

J—— looked her teacher in the
face: "Ma will be awful angry."

Teacher: "I am afraid she will,
but it is my duty to write to her,
J——."

J——: "I don't know, but you
see, mother always does my
French for me."

Teacher (in hygiene class):
"What happens to a man when
his temperature goes down as far
as it can?"

Bright Student: "He has cold
feet, ma'am."

Armstrong (describing a heavy
horse to Mr. Ballard): "Blaek in
color, large size, and feathers on
legs below the knees." (Is this one
of the winged horses of old? We
wonder.)

One of our students is bound to
live within his means, even if he
has to borrow money to do it.

If x equals half an hour, how
long will I have to stay in, if I
don't do my Algebra homework?

A Moral Sign Post

Miss Halliday: "What is a
right angle?"

Canty: "An angle whose arms
point to the right."

"Neeker," said Mr. Coles, to the bright youngster, "Can you tell me what lightning is?"

"Yes, sir," was the ready reply. "Lightning is streaks of electricity."

"Well, that may pass," said Mr. Coles, encouragingly. "Now tell me why it is that lightning never strikes twice in the same place."

"Because," answered Neeker, "after it hits once, the same place ain't there any more!"

FLEETING IMPRESSIONS

Literature—A bed of roses.

Art—A holiday.

Physics—A Chinese puzzle.

French—A dream of Paradise(?)

Composition—A man trying to start a Ford.

Geometry—A gathering storm.

Latin—Thistles.

Grammar—A bleak, endless, desert waste.

Botany—A salad.

Zoology—Potato bugs!

History—A dry story.

Geography—Coming holiday.

Algebra—! ! ? ! ? —? —etc.

Spare—An unrealized dream.

GRADE VIII:

Miss Middlebrook: "Rogers, where is your Latin again this afternoon?"

Rogers: "I left it at home."

Miss M.: "You must have a treasury at home with all the things you leave there."

Miss M. (when bell rings—rushes to Rogers): "Oh, Rogers, would you mind lending me your Quentin Durward? I left mine at home and, I need it next period."

Class laughs and Miss M. leaves room greatly embarrassed.

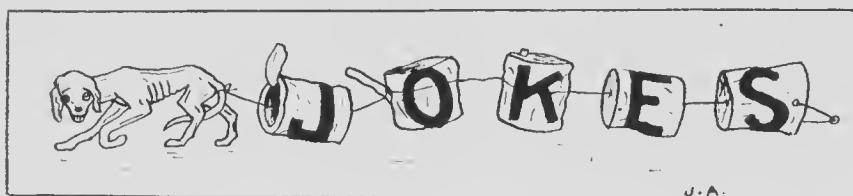
Miss Morrison: "Cook, how did you get that black eye?"

Cook: "Please, miss, I sprained it doing sums."

Miss Halliday (reading questions to class—notices many pupils doing the questions as she is reading): "Now, class, don't do the questions until you have finished."

Mr. Colling (entering 8⁴ between periods, finds the class whispering noisily): "Well, is this a barnyard—roosters crowing and sheep bleating?" On noticing time table, finds that next class is French.





We don't hear of so many "lates" lately. (I hear you Colling me!)

THE GRAMMAR OF EXPERIENCE

Small Boy: "I say, dad, what's the future tense of courting?"
 Father (sadly): "Caught!"

No wonder we are not very enthusiastic over our Latin!
 All the people dead who spoke it,
 All the people dead who wrote it,
 All the people die who learn it—
 Blessed death—they surely earn it!

Teacher: "And how old are you, my little man?"
 Little Boy: "I'm not old at all, I'm nearly new."

Lady (in drug store): "I want some talcum powder."
 Clerk: "Mennen's?"
 Lady: "No, vimmen's."

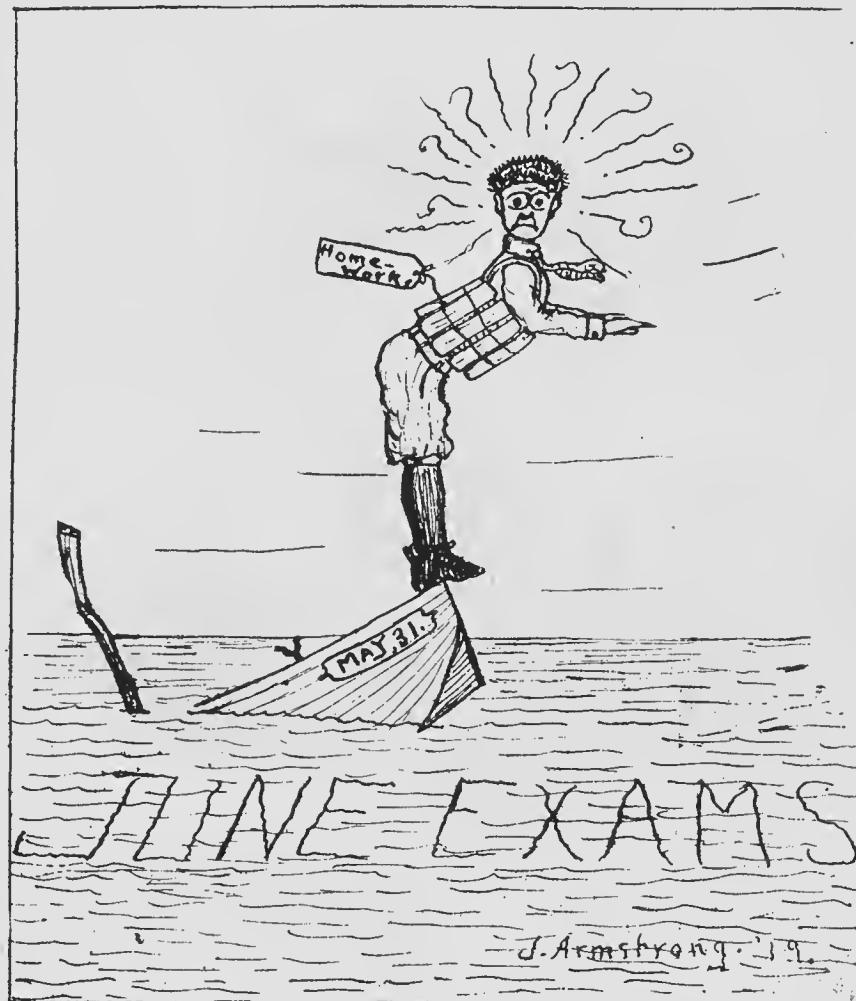
"Why is Boyle's law like love?"
 "The lower the gas, the higher the pressure."

Teacher: "What are you looking for?"
 Pupil: "Nothing!"
 Teacher: "Then look right at me and you will find it."

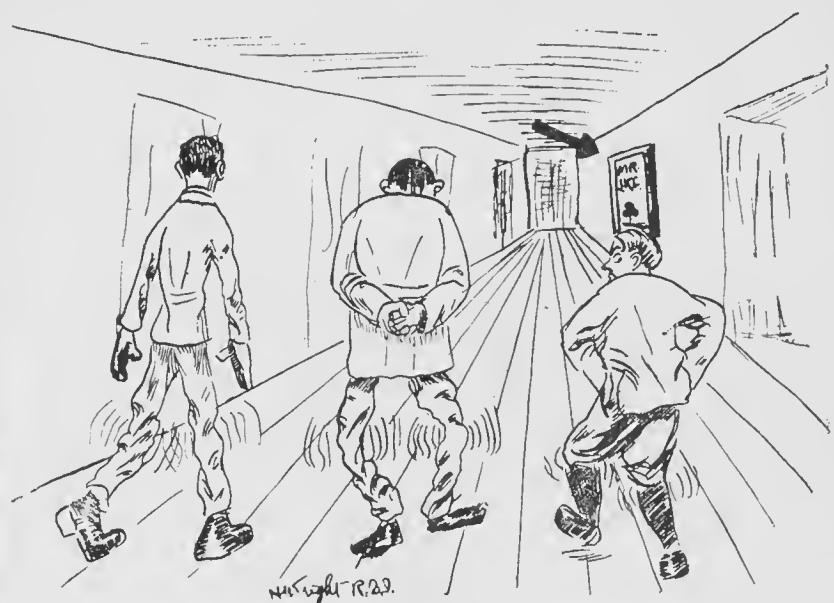
Finis, or Another Neat Job to John Bull's Credit.



British Lion: Where do we go from here boys, where do we go from here?



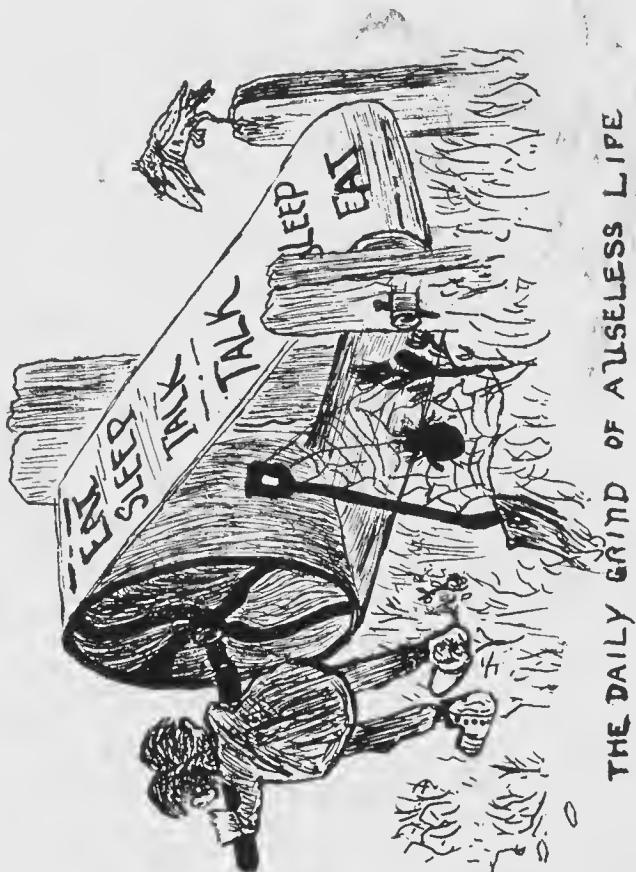




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